

ACTRESS FINDS NAMESAKE

Columbian One of Many "Corines" Who Honor World's Fair Dancer.

Twenty-two years ago, while the World's Fair was being held in Chicago, one of the mothers visiting the fair gave birth to a baby girl. The baby was named Corine, after Corine Kimball, who was doing a sword dance and was one of the most popular attractions on the "pike." A week ago yesterday Corine Kimball appeared in Columbia. She was playing the "lead," and doing one-night stands in "Forty-five Minutes From Broadway." The baby girl who was named after her lives in Columbia, but is now a young lady. It was probably Fate which caused the two persons to meet.

On the afternoon of January 13 an Italian woman, of small stature, entered the store of Campbell & Alexander on Broadway. It could be seen plainly that the woman had at one time been more prosperous—better satisfied with herself than she now was.

"I'd like to look at some fountain pens," she told the young lady behind the counter. That young lady's name was Corine, too—Corine Henshaw. The Italian woman was shown the fountain pens, and as she decided upon one, the saleslady started to write with the pen. She wrote her own name, Corine.

"Why do you write that name?" the Italian woman asked. The other one explained that it was her own name.

"You were born in Chicago at the time of the World's Fair, weren't you?" queried the small, dark skinned woman.

The reply was affirmative.

"And you were named after Corine Kimball, the actress, weren't you?" Again the answer was "yes."

"Well, I'm Corine Kimball," explained the woman who had intended to purchase a fountain pen, but after twenty-two years had found a girl who had been named after her. And the girl behind the counter had discovered her namesake.

Now Corine Kimball is not the prosperous and popular actress that she was in the money-spending days of the World's Fair. Her real name is not Kimball, but instead a long Italian name that reminds one more of grand opera or spaghetti than playing one-night stands in a show that has been on the road for seven years.

"The glamour and gaiety has all gone from my life now," said the actress as she left the store, "but I still find people who were named after me during the World's Fair."

JITNEY SERVICE IN CITIES

Taking Money From Street Car Lines—Its Success Here Questioned.

The days when everyone rode bicycles were balmy ones for the street car companies compared to what they are now since the jitney fever has struck some of the larger cities. A motor car service with a 5-cent fare—that is the jitney.

In California and Texas the idea is spreading rapidly. The San Francisco street car companies have acknowledged that the jitney motor service is cutting their receipts thousands of dollars weekly. Practically every city on the coast has the fever and the bus drivers have organized themselves into a jitney bus association.

And now it has come closer home. Kansas City has taken up the idea and several automobile firms and individual owners are operating cars with a 5-cent fare. And they are all making money, too.

Judge J. A. Stewart, who controlled the motor bus which formerly ran from Westwood into town and back, when asked whether he thought such a scheme would pay in Columbia or not, replied:

"I would rather not be interviewed upon the subject. It is a sad one for me, because the longer I kept the Westwood bus in operation the worse off I was. If you really want my opinion I should say that I do not believe that such a project would pay in Columbia."

Whether it would or not is a question. As a rule the cars used are Fords or some other car with a low upkeep cost, whereas Judge Stewart's motor bus was a large car. There are no rush hours in Columbia when the cars could pick up the surplus who could not get seats in the street cars—which are also a negative quantity in Columbia.

TAFT AND PARKER TO SPEAK

New York State Bar Association Is in Session Today.

By United Press. BUFFALO, N. Y., Jan. 22.—With a former president and a former candidate for President of the United States present, the New York State Bar Association went into session today. Former President Taft will speak tonight on "State Constitutions." Former Judge Alton B. Parker will deliver the address of the president of the Association. Other speakers on the program are Judge Morgan, J. O'Brien, New York; Morris R. Cohen, professor of philosophy at the College of the City of New York; and Carlos C. Alden, dean of the Buffalo Law School.

WIFE'S STORY NETS HIM A NEW OUTFIT

"Flippity-Flop" Shoes and "John Bunny" Vest Superseded.

STUDENTS "CHIP IN"

And Now Willard Brown, 13, Wants to Attend M. U.

A good Samaritan in the person of a University student met a lame, ill-clad 13-year-old boy at Maryland place and Conley avenue Thursday afternoon. "Hello son, where're you going?" asked the student.

"Jist starting home," replied the boy. "Yes, I live out in the country, about three miles on Ashland Gravel. No, I ain't got no pap and I don't live with ma 'cause she don't clothe me 'er take care o' me. I jist stay out there with people named Green. My name's Willard Brown."

"Come with me, son; I want to talk to you." And the boy waited outside the store while the man went in to make a purchase. A more forlorn picture of a boy would be hard to find anywhere than the lad who stood there in shoes—anyway number eleven—that turned up three inches at the toes and would have lapped twice around the little ankles inside them. His hands were bare of mittens; a tattered coat on top of an old vest that would have fitted John Bunny almost hid an old, but clean, blue shirt that was conspicuous for its lack of buttons. An old cap crowned his shock of yellow, curly hair.

With a smile on his wistfully expectant face, he followed the man, who had promised to find him a new pair of shoes, to a club-house on Maryland place, where he sat close to the fireplace to warm and told the students his story.

"Always a Cripple, I Guess."

"I've always been a cripple, I guess, and the doctors say my hip's broken and they can't fix it. Ma never sent me to school and I was ten years old before I ever got to go; but I like to study and kin read and do 'rithmetic a little. I can't spell now, but I'm goin' to learn. I ain't missed a day at school this year, until I had to come to town today."

"You-all folks must be rich to live in town," remarked the boy as he looked around him at the men who were listening to his story. "Ain't livin' pretty high? Flour must be about \$5 a hundred now, ain't it?"

"Yes, I guess so," answered one of the listeners. "I don't know just what it is, though, do you?"

"It's \$4.65 out our way and other things is pretty high, too."

When asked if he ever made any money, he said, "yes, last summer I made a little money and bought some clothes. I've got two pair of stockings and two good shirts and a cap, but I ain't got no suit or overcoat. The Salvation Army bought me some books this fall and I do chores and help haul fodder where I stay. I can't make much money and ma won't give me any."

"Does your-all pap send you money to go to school here?" he asked.

"Yes, he sends us money," answered one of the men. "But wouldn't you like to go to school here some day?"

"Sure I would that and I'm goin' to learn to spell, too; so I can pass next term and then some day I can come here to school."

"Flippity-Flop" Shoes Discarded.

While the lad warmed by the fire the hat was passed and several dollars were collected. Two of the men asked him if he would like to go to town and get some new shoes and clothes. His face beamed with the appreciation he could not voice as he said, "These flippers I got on my feet are mighty hard to walk in. I call 'em flippers 'cause when I walk they go 'flippity-flop' like and they wear blisters on my feet, too.—You bet I'll study if I get them new things and I won't miss school again this year," promised the lad as he started for town.

Two merchants were glad to cut off the profit on the outfit and the boy came proudly out of the store wearing a new pair of shoes, a warm blue sweater-coat and a pair of leather mittens. Under his arm he carried the over-size shoes to take home to his uncle, who could use them, he said.

With a promise to learn to spell and to visit his new found friends again, he made his second start for home through the snow-storm, this time with a light heart and an ambition some day to be a student in the University.

Boonville Lodgemen Here.

A degree team of the Woodmen of the World lodge of Boonville gave the degree work in the lodge meeting here last night. There were seventeen members of the team headed by Martin Tucker, district manager of the organization. A banquet followed the degree work.

Civil Service Idea In National Game

From the Kansas City Star.

An eagle-eyed professor at the University of Missouri took a good, fat squint into the shaky future not long since and saw—baseball under civil service. Let's put on the professor's specks. Here goes!

Stovall—It's your turn today, Gene. Better get out there and warm up.

Packard—Aw, George, I was up all last night crammin' for my exams and I haven't got a bit of pep today. I was warm'n' up a minute ago and my fast one hasn't any more hop than a fatigued snake. Let Chief work today.

Johnson—There you go, you crazy southpaw. I tried for three hours last night to figure out the highest speed attained by a baseball and I didn't get a wink of sleep. I'll bet that's one of the questions they ask, too.

Harris—I can tell you, chief. The answer is 862 miles an hour. One came back at me at that rate in Indianapolis one day and I stopped it with my eye.

Stovall—Well, somebody's got to work. Guess I'll have to run over to St. Louis and grab a pitcher.

Perring—I'll pitch, George.

Stovall—You'll pitch horseshoes, you big Swede.

Cullop—Well, if you're looking for a first class, well educated pitcher, I apply. I did all my prepping a week ago.

Daringer—What's hypothesis mean, Gilly.

Gillmore—I'm not sure, Dary, but I think I saw it on the menu in Baltimore last trip. I don't think they'll ask us that, though.

Daringer—You can't tell. Last exam they asked me where Brindisi was. I said I thought it was in the Appalachian League, but later I found out it's an Eretalian burg.

Stovall—What was the matter with you on that fly ball, Chad? You looked like Doc Gessler and John Bunny coming on that one.

Chadborn—I didn't see it, George. I was tryin' to study out there and was just readin' up on etymology when that durned Steve Evans kissed one out my way. I had my nose in the book when it passed over my head.

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OHIO MAN A FARM ADVISER

W. M. Cook and Two Other Out of State Men Here for Conference.

H. B. Derr, farm adviser of Scott County, and W. M. Cook, farm adviser of Carroll County since January 1, are among the fourteen attending the conference of farm advisers here this week. Mr. Derr has been in this work for a year and a half, having served seven years with the United States Department of Agriculture before going to Scott County. Five of those years, he was directing a barley and winter green investigation, and for two years he directed an investigation on rye, spelt and buckwheat. He was a Virginia farmer, and was graduated from the University of Illinois in 1905.

Mr. Cook is from Greene County, Ohio, where he served two years as county agent, or farm adviser. His first three years of service were in field investigation. Mr. Cook comes with his family to live in Carrollton. He was graduated from Monmouth College, in Illinois in 1899, and has taken work in the University of Ohio. He owns a farm in Preeble County, Ohio.

T. M. Oleson is the newest farm adviser. He came from Wisconsin to take up the work in Butler County, beginning last Monday.

150 Cars of Coal a Month Here.

Columbia keeps warm now. That is if 150 car loads of coal a month will do it. That is the amount the M. K. & T. and Wabash agents estimate, without going to the files, is being received here each month and it will go higher the next two and a half months.

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Wilcox
North Side of Broadway.

L. R. Ford in Edinburgh, Scotland.

Lester R. Ford, who received an A. B. degree from the University in 1911 and an A. M. degree in 1912, has been appointed instructor in mathematics in the University of Edinburgh, Edinburgh, Scotland.

Miss Mary Ratekin Leaves.

Miss Mary Ratekin, a student in the School of Education, will not return to school the second semester. Her father, J. W. Ratekin of Fulton, Mo., was badly injured recently when he fell from a building.

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